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Register your discontent. vote.

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Youth

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Cover photo courtesy of Youth Citizenship Fund, Inc.

A YOUTH GUIDE working to v



"This is the best way to get young people involved," said Paula Tate of Memphis, Tenn., as she and a busload of 18-year-olds from Hillcrest High at the Shelby County Election Commission register to vote. Steve Scott a

W power at the polls

by Herman C. Ahrens, Jr.



PHOTO BY FRED GRIFFITH IN THE MEMPHIS COMMERCIAL APPEAL

New power is yours, if you're willing to work for it. You may have your hang-ups about the way the Establishment works, but changes are made by people with power. And our electoral system is the major way for each citizen to share in this power process. Make your voice heard. With the ratification on June 30 of the 26th Amendment, 11.5 million youth between 18 and 21 years old are now eligible to vote in all elections — federal, state and local. This number includes 900,000 high school students, over 4 million college students, 4.1 million full-time workers, 1 million housewives, and 800,000 serving in the military. Add to this another 13.5 million under 25 who will be voting for President for the first time in 1972.

Your vote counts. When the Presidential election of 1968 was won by a margin of only 500,000 this new youth bloc can make a difference. And politicians know it. They know that in key elections most U.S. citizens who are registered to vote will vote (89% of those registered voted in 1968).

If you feel changes are needed, you campaign and vote for those who make the changes happen. If you're satisfied with the way things are, you vote your support of the men in power. But the first step is to register to vote. Then vote. And then make sure your elected leaders do what they said they'd do.

believe 18-year-olds are responsible enough to participate in the functions of government." And Barbara da asked, "We're taxed like everybody else, so why shouldn't we be allowed to say who our representatives ought to be?"



President Nixon signs the U.S. Constitution's newest amendment guaranteeing 18-year-olds the right to vote in all elections. Also signing as witnesses were Julianne Jones of Memphis, Paul Larrin of Concord, Calif., and Joseph Loyd of Detroit, all 18.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

“What qualifies me to vote?”

The answer is generally simple, but it could become complicated depending on where you live. The normal legal voting qualifications are that a person (1) have U.S. citizenship, (2) be 18 years or older, (3) have a physical residence that he intends at the present time to be his home, (4) reside there for a specified period of time, and (5) be registered to vote before the appropriate deadline. The federal law is clear about such requirements as the age of 18 and a 30-day registration deadline prior to a Presidential election and it prohibits “tests or devices” that require a person to demonstrate his educational ability or his “good moral character.”

But state and local laws vary widely in terms of the length of residence before registering, reasons for disqualifying voters, and how and where to register. Generally, states disqualify those who are judged insane or criminal (in prison), and some states disqualify those who participate in such specific acts as dueling (Calif.) or plural marriages (Idaho). Six states require an oath of loyalty or honesty (Ala., Conn., Fla., Ky., N.C., and Vt.). If there is a change in your status as a voter — such as a change in party affiliation, a change in your residence (from one ward to another), or a change in your last name (when a woman marries) — you should reregister.

But your best answers to questions about local and state voting are gotten directly by contacting those local officials who handle registration and election procedures where you live.

Efforts are now being made by some organizations and Congressional leaders to propose legislation to standardize nationally all requirements and procedures for voter qualification, registration, and balloting.

How and where do I register?"

If you attend high school or live at home, the answer is comparatively easy. Contact your local registrar's office to find out the time, the dates, and the nearest place for registering. Also ask if you need to bring along any type of identification papers (driver's license, proof of age, proof of residency if required by local law, and naturalization papers, if you're naturalized). If you don't know the name or place of registering to vote, check with the town clerk, the League of Women Voters, or a precinct official. If you live in North Dakota, there is no state-wide voter registration. If you live in rural areas of Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Ohio, or Wisconsin, voter registration is not required. New Hampshire and Vermont use a check-list system of registering. And remember that registering is not necessarily permanent, for most states have a system of "purging" their registration of voters who do not use their franchises regularly, varying from state to state. In South Carolina you must reregister every ten years starting in 1970. Check the registration deadline in your state. For example, if you live in New York, you need to register before October 2, 1971, in order to vote in the June 20, 1972, primary election, unless legislation makes special adjustments in the meantime.

If you anticipate being away from home soon, especially for college, it generally appears safest to register in your hometown, at least until the uncertain and changing situation for registering in college towns is clarified by law or standardized nationally. When you're away from home you can vote by absentee ballot, except in Alabama and Mississippi where absentee voting is not permitted in general elections and in other states where it is permitted in primary elections. It is wise, therefore, to check carefully the procedures and deadlines for absentee balloting for your state at the time you register.

UPI PHOTO

the beach at Santa
Barbara, Calif., two
voters are encouraged to
register to vote by Rep.
McCloskey (R-Cal.)
at the end of a giant
"Vote for Peace" rally.



"Should I register independent, or one of the parties?"

"It's always wise to maintain an independent attitude no matter how you register," counsels Chuck Perry, a young aide on the Democratic National Committee, "but you're more effective if you work within the party system. If you're independent, you're rendering yourself ineffective at the level where you can be most effective—at the precinct level. In the whole decision-making process, the vehicle to gain the power to change our nation's policies is the party system."

Miss Barri Ann Holden, national executive of the Teen-Age Republicans, agrees: "You've got to start at the grass roots level. In some states the primary election is partisan, and so if you are registered independent you can vote only in the non-partisan general election. Unless you have a voice in selecting party candidates in the primary election, you've let someone else do your initial selection and in the general election you end up with a second choice."

Young people are also learning that in a party's precinct caucus, a single voice means more in a smaller group, especially where it's hard even to reach a quorum. As a result of young party politicking, it's not unusual to find state legislators in their early 20's. And with promised reforms in the parties' delegate-selection process for the 1972 national conventions, young delegates may well be a common sight on the convention floor.

Nevertheless, recent polls show that among the new voters, 25 to 30% consider themselves independent, 40 to 60% lean toward the Democrats, while the rest favor the Republicans. But Miss Holden is quick to observe: "Not all people vote the way they register. The key is to get the party program before the kids and let them decide."

A Democratic spokesman summarizes, "You've got to talk issues to the kids won't vote."

COURTESY OF FRONTLINE

In a youth-led voter registration campaign in Cheyenne, Wyo., young volunteers manned a "telephone blitz."





In Michigan, the Muskegon County 18-year-olds Vote Committee was looking for a way to get its point across and Uncle Sam filled the billboard. The youth painted the sign and an outdoor advertising firm donated the space.

hat if they won't sign me up?"

communities welcome young citizens as voters. But when a young on is not permitted to register, it is either because he did not know the law, or because he and the registrar interpreted the law differently. Before, you should first learn what the law is, and then, accordingly, or withdraw from your effort to register, or negotiate further with the registrar. If calm and rational negotiation fails, and you feel your rights being abridged, then stronger action is required. Perhaps you could local legal counsel—an ACLU representative, a sympathetic lawyer, a professor, or a representative of any national voter group operating in area. And such a person could speak to the registrar. If a test case is advisable, you could contact one of the national groups specializing voter rights legal counseling. Do not make public issue of your case as you're certain you're on sound legal grounds.

Controversy has most often surfaced in recent months when college students have been refused registration to vote in those college communities which feel threatened by the possible "take-over" of young voters on campuses. Registrars defend their action by use of local residency requirements—"this is not your permanent home" or "you have not lived long enough." Students reply that the federal 1970 census of the nation of all college communities includes college students as residents. The formula for that town's legislative representation in Congress and any allocation of federal funds to that town is, therefore, based on the presence of the students in that town as residents. Undoubtedly, laws will be tested in court cases, solutions will be debated in legislative hassles, and band-and-gown tensions will grow before the dust settles.

“What can my friends and I do?”

If you're 18 or older, it's natural for you, first of all, to get yourself registered to vote. If you're under 18, urge all your eligible friends and family to register. But you can't do it all by yourself. Besides, when you join together, it's easier and more fun. You and your friends can either join a local group already active in voter registration or you can encourage a group of which you are a member (church, school, or community organization) to participate in a voter registration campaign.

Power comes through joint effort. Therefore, the most efficient use of your own sweat and time is to join with other groups who are already experienced and respected in voter registration in your community. Above all, avoid duplicating the efforts of others. Groups which you may already find at work locally in voter registration include branches of the major political parties, labor groups, the League of Women Voters, civil rights groups, minority groups. Or if no such coalitions or non-partisan groups exist locally, you may get help from nearby college students, or from national organizations and their guides as listed on pages 10 and 11.

Whether your group joins other groups or works on its own, the following need to be considered in organizing any campaign:

1. *Set a goal* of what you hope to achieve. If you're aiming your campaign at your own high school, your efforts are much simplified. If you're moving out into the community as a whole, you must decide in your campaign where you're going to focus your work—will it be a decisive precinct, or a low-income or minority area, or the whole community? You may well have to adjust target area in size or location according to the number of volunteers you line up or whether or not you have enough representatives from the area in which you're working, especially if it is a low-income or minority area.

2. *Be personally concerned*, both in recruiting volunteer workers and in relationships with all people involved. It is more effective, for example, to keep your campaign non-partisan (or at least bi-partisan) in appearance in order to maintain credibility with election officials and with the public. Maintain good rapport with political party leaders, with school and community leaders, with all social and ethnic groups. Remain unbiased in voter registration efforts, giving priority to those who are presently voiceless in the decision-making process in your community.

3. *Know the voting laws* and act accordingly. You will need legal counsel, both in being informed about local, state, and federal laws:



Baltimore, more than 300 Dunbar Senior High students culminated a year of study with a peaceful march downtown to the Elections Board office to register as voters. Marchers had been excused from classes that day by the school administration.

interpreting whether or not local election authorities are doing all they can provide by the law. Citizens will have to be informed of their qualifications to vote and the place, the time, and the procedures to register. Certain laws will determine your campaign procedures. Can students or others be deputized and trained to register voters? Can the site of registration be mobile or is it by law permanent in one central place? If it is centrally-located, then offer to provide transportation there and perhaps plan mass rallies to the registration center. If it can be mobile, publicize the time and place. The more accessible the registrars, the higher the turnout of registering citizens. Depending on the local law, for example, your school campaign may mean you can either set up registration booths on the streets and in the classrooms, or schedule busses for field trips to the county board of registrars.

Get lists of who's eligible to vote and not registered. Generally, lists of registered voters can be gotten from the election authorities, or from Census Bureau lists, or from local political party headquarters. In many communities, what are called "police lists"—lists of registered and unregistered voters—are available. School authorities can often give out lists of high school students who are 18 or older. Another way to check for registered residents is to compare lists of registered voters against such things as names as found in a street index (crisscross) directory, or a city directory, or a utility company's directory, or other similar listings. Sometimes it is more effective if you're covering a geographical area to do a door-to-door canvass, especially in low-income areas.

Spread the word. Well-planned publicity can make your campaign familiar to the public to such an extent that it can help you line up volun-

teers, make people aware of a possible visit from your canvasser, encourage contributions, spark spirit within your campaign group, most of all, remind the public to register and to vote. Not only publicity inform the public about voter registration but motivate them. Why register? Who are the candidates? What are the issues?

6. *Get help!* And that means money, volunteers for canvassing, transportation and baby-sitting, materials, equipment, and facilities for interested individuals (young and older), businesses, plants, unions, religious groups, national organizations, local radio and TV stations, school councils and other youth groups, etc. The better organized you are, the more help you can handle.

After the registration campaign, your work has just begun. Now you've got to get your registered voters out to vote. Then you've got to keep on elected officials to make sure they live up to their campaign promises and to let them know how you feel as a citizen.

Voting is more than a right—it's a responsibility. It is a key to the power of democracy. And if you and your friends are going to make the most of this power, you're going to have to work hard at it for a long time to come. Start now.

Here is a brief listing of some of the groups currently active in voter registration/voter education and a few recent recommended publications.

LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS
1730 M STREET, NW
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20036

One of the oldest organizations in the field and highly respected in voter registration/voter education. A source of many helpful pamphlets, including how to plan a successful voter registration drive. Send for a free catalog (extra copies, 10¢ each).

"Registration and Voting Laws and Procedures by State" (July 1971)
#404, 40¢ The best of its kind.

"Getting It All Together"
#674, 25¢ The politics of organizational

partnership across divisions of age and economics.

"The New Electorate and Beyond"
VISTAS booklet, 60¢

"The Expanded Electorate: Theory and Practice"

Current Focus #689, 15¢ About election law changes.

TEEN-AGE REPUBLICANS
ROOM 359
NATIONAL PRESS BUILDING
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20004

TAR is an educational as well as a social organization aimed at and reaching high school youth, and sponsors state Young Republican groups. They are involved in community service, drug abuse education, support to servicemen, etc.

YOUTH DEMOCRATS
DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE
16 VIRGINIA AVE., NW
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20037

In addition to the Young Democrats, the
s Voting Rights Task Force is
concerned about working with
groups on voter registration. If
a Democrat, "Mandate for Re-
is a helpful resource on delegate
on for the 1972 convention.

NAT'L EDUCATION ASSOC.
P.O. BOX 18
1616 16TH STREET, NW
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20036

has published a voter registration
card and flyer for local chapters.

Are America's New Constituents?
(Guide to Voter Registration)
1966, \$1.75

Your Vote Count
1972, 30 copies for \$1.50

*Print for Conducting a Local Voter
Registration Drive* free

CIVIL RIGHTS CAUSE
G RIGHTS PROJECT
1000 M STREET, NW
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20036

are collecting information and pre-
paring for litigation on aspects of voting
that hinder voting rights.

FRONTLASH, INC.
100 EAST 19TH STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10003

working closely with labor groups and
S.S. Youth Council, Frontlash suc-
cessfully focuses on groups hardest to
reach—ghetto youth, blue-collar youth,
minority youth. Has assembled large
amount of promotional and educational
materials for voter registration drives.

YOUTH CITIZENSHIP FUND, INC.
2317 M STREET, NW
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20037

A non-partisan foundation, YCF is one
of the most energetic young groups seek-
ing to involve youth in electoral politics.
Has exciting publicity techniques. Activ-
ating local registration drives across the
country by providing resource materials,
field staff, and research. Inquire about
available posters.

*"Registration and Voting Laws of Fifty
States"* \$12. A detailed state-by-state re-
porting of registration and voting laws
and procedures.

"Voter Registration Manual"
Some organizational techniques geared
for high school youth groups.

"Voting Rights and Residency"
A guide for college students. \$1.00 each,
plus mailing charges.

THE STUDENT VOTE
43 IVY STREET, SE
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20003

Collects data on selected college cam-
puses, provides information and organi-
zers to regional coordinators and gives
legal counsel.

VOTER EDUCATION PROJECT
5 FORSYTH STREET, NW
ATLANTA, GEORGIA 30303

Highly successful at educating and reg-
istering black, low-income, and other
minority groups in the South. Has pub-
lished a comprehensive manual on how
to conduct a registration campaign.

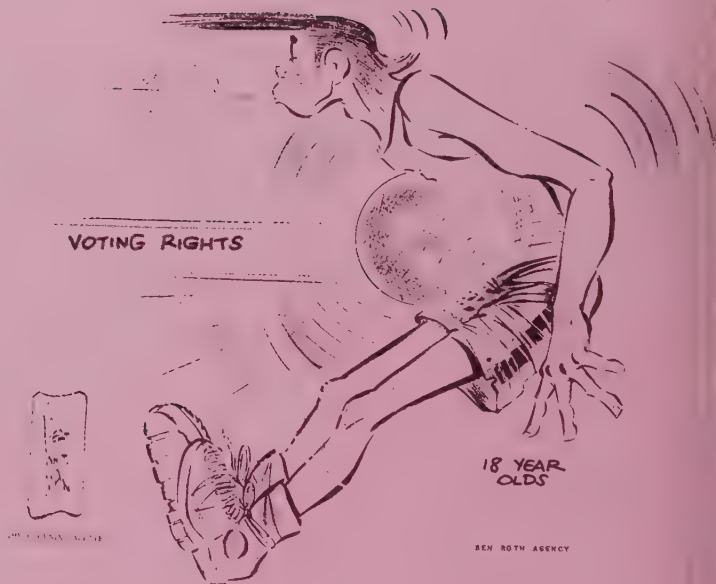
HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT
INFORMATION CENTER
1010 WISCONSIN AVENUE, NW
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20007

An activist group formed to work for
change and educational reform in high
schools. Sponsoring four regional voter
registration projects.

THE Witty-gritty OF THE YOUTH VOTE

All cartoons courtesy of Ben Roth Agency

Bert Whitman in Phoenix Co.



You asked for it!



"Mirror, mirror, on the wall . . ."



"You know—it was kinda groovy being able to blame the adults for everything . . ."



I hope for The News and Observer

"Man, it's time for drastic action—let's vote!"

Huffaker in Raleigh (N.C.)
News and Observer

BEN ROTH AGENCY.



"Would I vote for the Conservatives?
Give me a clue . . . Who's on drums?"

David Myers, London Evening News



IN SPITE OF THE CONFUSION
IN AN "UN-TOGETHER" WORLD,
WE EACH YEARN TO FIND
SOMETHING OF VALUE

This is the first in a series of articles by J. Barrie Shepherd, Chaplain and Assistant Professor of Religion at Connecticut College.

One of the ugliest features of the commercialization of our times is the exploitation of youth — youth culture, youth style, youth language. Sooner does an idea, a custom, a fad become popular with the youth, than it is seized upon and mercilessly flogged to death in the marketplace. Thus, the peace symbol has become the very latest thing in fashion accessories. And thus also it happened recently that everybody was "getting it all together."

The whole thing started with those "all together" commercials on television. You remember, the girl with the groupie cat purring, "Wow! Kent's got it all together!" Of course, what Kent actually gotten together was all the necessary ingredients for a terminal case of lung cancer. But that is not the point. The point seemed to be that they were "all together." Then, CBS got into the act with its "all together" commercials for its new program "All Together," which was, needless to say, "all together." Not to be left at the starting gate, Ford's stable got itself together with its new Pinto, and Merriam-Webster, in — you guessed it — the "all together" stakes."

But slogans, you know, have a peculiar way of saying a lot more than they originally mean to say. Corita Kent, the artist-theologian, first articulated this out with her pop version

of the supermarket ad. "The big 'G' stands for goodness." And "getting it all together" is not without this extra dimension, this unexpected level of profundity.

For the phrase comes originally, not from Madison Avenue, but from the youth, the hip, the sub-culture. And "getting it all together," at its deepest level expresses a yearning on the part of an entire generation to find something. To find community, but much more. To find an idea, an ideal, an integrating, unifying center which will bring all the facets of life, all the infinite possibilities together, and give them meaning, and relationship to each other, and value.

To "get it all together," to "be together," to "have your head together," means, I suggest, to be all of a piece, to function as a whole, as a unified being, acting, living out of a non-negotiable central core which is, essentially, a self.

I call this a "yearning" because I suspect (and I hope I am proved completely wrong) that the concept of "getting it all together" is still more hope than reality, more dream than daily bread, for the youth generation just as it is for mine. Despite all of the T-group freedom from hang-ups, all of the sexual and mind-expanding explorations, despite even the commitment to the struggle for a society of justice, peace and freedom, it appears to me that there is still a pervasive fragmentedness, an all-encompassing one-dimensionality about much of this activity.



It could still be said of most of us that, in the words of that devastating indictment, "Deep down, we are shallow." Gabriel Marcel writes of the "non-reflective character of our age." Herbert Marcuse describes the "one-dimensional man." And we yearn to "get it all together."

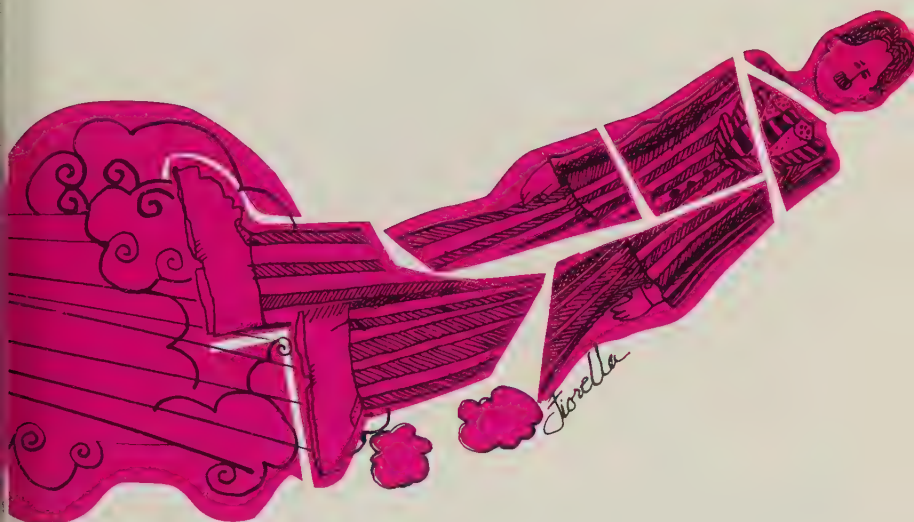
How to do it then? How can we begin to put it all together? . . . to create out of our broken, scattered, fragmented existences, unified, functioning, whole persons?

In my reading, and in my own personal life, I have recently happened upon what were (for me at least) clues toward a solution of this problem. In a little book by Ronald Laing entitled *The Politics Of Experience* I came across this paragraph which, it seems to me, goes right to the root of our problem and, perhaps, begins to suggest a tentative solution:

" . . . what we think is less than we know; what we know is less than what we love; what we love is much less than what there is. And to that precise extent we are so much less than what we are.

Yet if nothing else, each time a new baby is born there is a possibility of reprieve. Each child is a new beginning, a potential prophet, a new spirit, a new spark of light predestined into the outer darkness. It is up to us to decide that it is hopeful.

From this passage my mind turned to the words of the Psalmist: "Whose glory above the heavens is proclaimed by the mouths of babes and infants." Or, as the more familiar King James Version erroneously, but powerfully, puts it, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou ordained strength." And there to the passage in which



"Unless you turn and become little children, you will never enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

What is it? What can it be about child, that Ronald Laing, The Psalmist and Jesus of Nazareth all believe so much to teach us?

Fast fall, when our third daughter was born, her red-headed temperament provided me with more than sufficient opportunity to study her, (a child, as they say) at close quarters. One thing I saw in her, which triggered the cords of my memory back to the early weeks of our other children, was what I call "the look"—the expression of complete wonder and amazement with which a child greeted life.

He would lie in the crook of her mother's arm and contemplate her with the most wide-eyed awe for one, two, or ten minutes at a time. Then it

was the paintings, the plants, the lamps, the tropical fish, the sofa, all received the same astonished attention. And here, I think, is one place where we can begin—with the radical amazement of a little child at this world, and all that it comprises.

So much of what we see, what we experience, is filtered through the prison bars of the past, of learning, of training, of expectation. We look at a tree, and we see . . . a tree! We look at the rain, and we go find an umbrella.

The theologian, Paul Tillich, tells of sitting under a tree with a friend who was also a great biologist:

"Suddenly he exclaimed, 'I would like to know something about this tree!' He, of course, knew everything that science had to say about it. I asked him what he meant. And he answered, 'I want to know what this

tree means for itself. I want to understand the life of this tree. It is so strange, so unapproachable.'"

Thomas Merton, the Trappist monk-poet, describes what he calls "the festival of rain:"

"Of course the festival of rain cannot be stopped. Not even in the city. The woman from the delicatessen scampers along the sidewalk with a newspaper over her head. The streets, suddenly washed, become transparent and alive, and the noise of traffic becomes a splashing of fountains. . . . Meanwhile the obsessed citizens plunge through the rain, bearing the load of their obsessions. . . . They do not see the streets shine beautifully, that they themselves are walking on stars and water, that they are running in skies to catch a bus or a taxi, to shelter somewhere in the press of irritated humans."

And so we go through life, or what passes for life, in blinders; we see only the most narrow perspectives, the most familiar of landscapes, the most secure of worlds. In so doing, it is true, we can screen out for a time much of the terror, the giddy vertigo of insecurity which encompasses our human existence; but the price we pay is high indeed. For we also screen out all of the grandeur, the mystery, the height and the depth, the indescribable splendor that surrounds us.

It is as if we were descending a

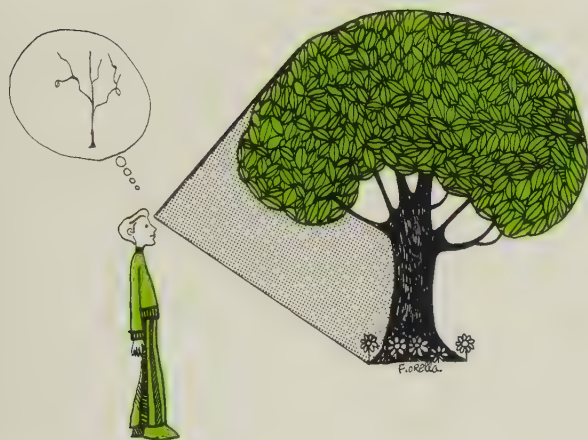
high mountain by a narrow footpath with a shaky handrail. On one side the cliff face, on the other the glory of the world spread out as far as the eye can see . . . and all the way down we keep our eyes fixed rigidly on the path ahead and on the handrail, never daring to lift the head to the vista of wonder beyond.

Last fall I sat at dinner in a large dining hall with some 200 college freshmen. Outside that hall, across a rippling lake, the day was dying in a delicate ecstasy of pink and white and pale blue. Inside, the mad of boy-meets-girl went on, unending. What made the experience doubly poignant was that I was seated beside a very pretty, tall blind freshman girl. She could not see what we would not see. Yet in her quiet grace, she seemed more part of that sunset than any of us for all our open eyes.

"What we think is less than what we know; what we know is less than what we love; what we love is much less than what there is. At that precise extent we are so much less than what we are."

And it's not only the mountain that sees the sunsets. Nicola, my little cat, is just as amazed by our sunset as by the original oil painting on the wall. "Just to be is the blessing," writes Rabbi Abraham Heschel.

"Just to be is the blessing.
Just to live is holy.
The moment is the marvel."



A second thing that I have learned recently about "getting it all together" — and I suggest that we all learn again through the eyes of a little child — is the acceptance of total dependence. Sometimes, at one, or two, or three, or four, or five in the morning, I would wish that little Nicola wouldn't interpret this quite so literally, but this is also the vision of the child. Other people mean comfort, pleasure, food, health, mean life itself to that child. I would literally face death with them.

But . . . guess what? . . . we too are totally dependent. Oh! we may live most of our lives trying, in various ways, to evade this truth, frantically clutching at the illusion of self-sufficiency and independence. But we are, in fact, totally dependent. This is the message that is being laid on us today, not only by the theologians, but by the scientists, the ecologists, the environmental people. Everything is

relevant. Everything and everybody is essential, an irreplaceable link in the great, and ultimately unfathomable, chain of being.

Rabbi Heschel wrote of our need to come alive to our living . . .

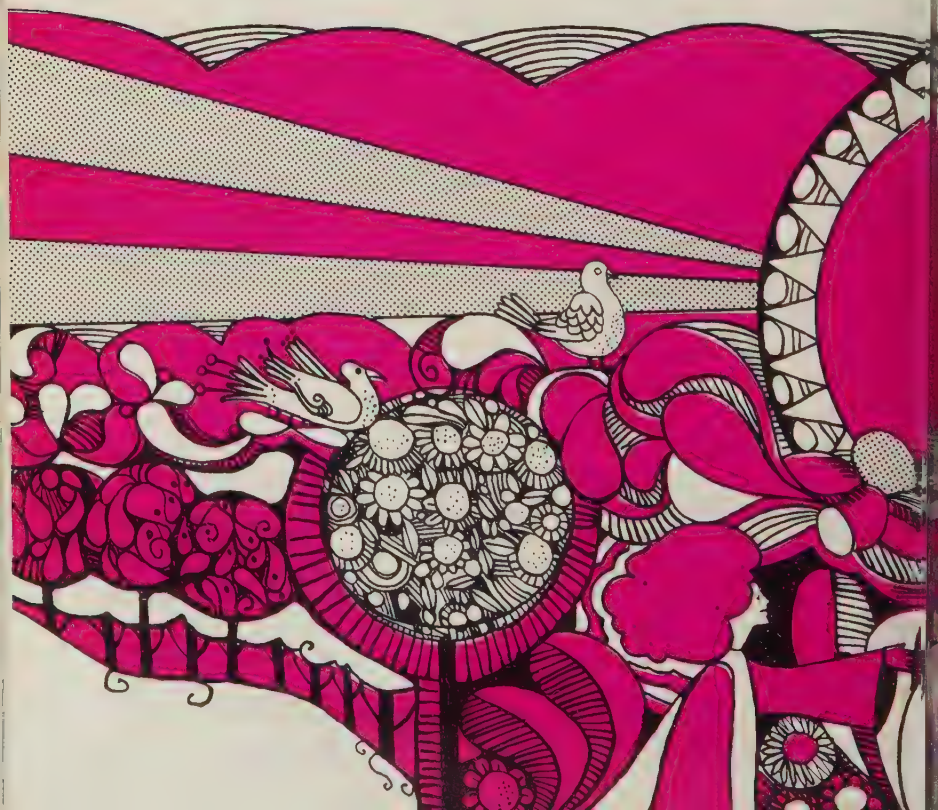
" . . . in the great fellowship of all beings. We cease to regard things as opportunities to exploit . . . We begin to meet the world, not like a hunter who seeks his prey, but like a lover who seeks to reciprocate love."

To realize this is to accept one's total dependence. It is to see the subtle, but total difference between, as Laing expresses it, the ultimate terror and the ultimate reassurance, "there's nothing to be afraid of." For once, with the eyes of a child, we acknowledge our total dependence, that we cannot stop with dependence on our neighbor, or even with dependence on the chain of being itself. We are led beyond, to a de-

pendence which brings us face to face with the ultimate, the ground of all being, the power that brought us to life, and will some day bring our present life to its end. We become aware of a presence in all of living that calls us deeper and deeper into life and into love; a presence that calls us to join the dance of all created things; a presence which has been named once, for all, by Jesus of Nazareth . . . "Our Father."

Radical amazement then . . . wonder at the majesty and mystery of all creation. And the acceptance of

total dependence which can also be called child-like trust . . . which also be called faith. These are elements in the vision of the and basic elements, for me at in this process of "getting it a gether." For with this fundam wonder and basic trust at the of one's reality, all of the other cerns, from one's relationship to ents, friends and family, to the nal war in Indochina, will beg fall into their rightful place wi total, completely "together" so of things. Without this basic v

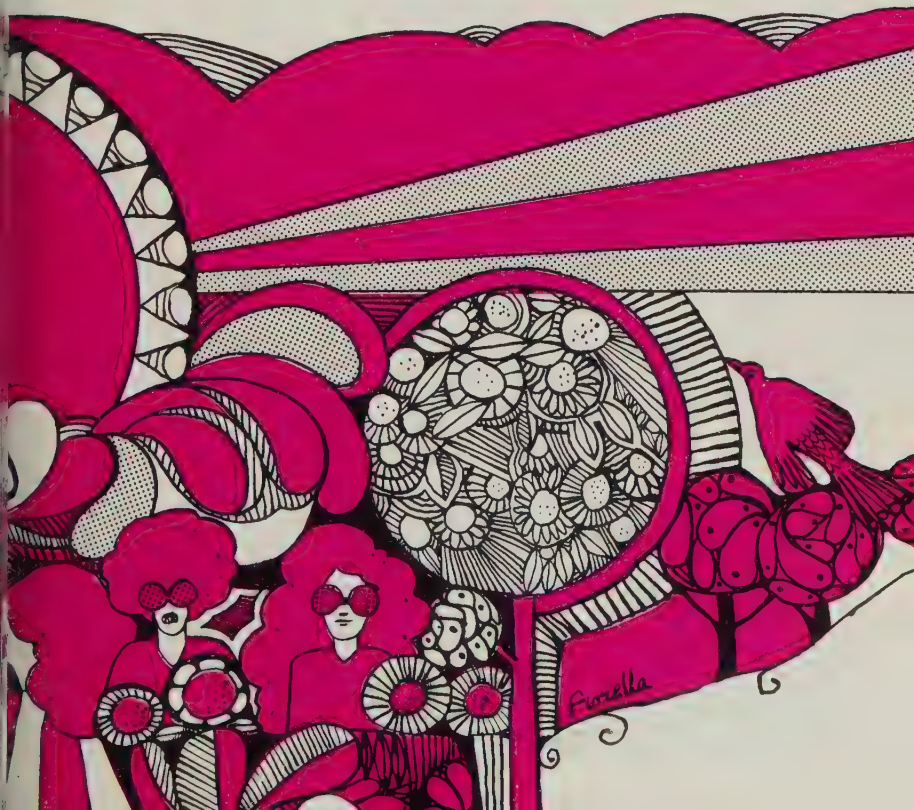


se and all other concerns, no mat-
how serious, all too swiftly de-
erate into just-one-damn-thing-
er-another.

ow, specifically, you begin this
ole process will be up to you. No
e can "get it all together" for you.
will not happen without silence. "It
es many moments of silence to
ng about one moment of expres-
s," comments Abraham Heschel
Man's Quest for God. It will not
open without solitude; without hav-
known "the wilderness as your
ow, a star as your companion"

(Dag Hammarskjöld in *Markings*). It
will not happen without a true open-
ness which is content to simply open
itself to mystery and majesty, to
height and to depth, and then to
"let it be."

This, then, is something of what it
might mean to begin to "get it all
together" in this dementedly "un-
together" world of ours. And this is
the enterprise in which I invite you to
join me in the months ahead, as we
explore the dimensions of wonder,
and probe the depths of our trust in
dependence, together.





by HUSTON HORN
PHOTOS BY DON ROGERS

FOOTHILL CLINIC

At this free 'drop-in' center, young people form bridges of trust between their troubled friends and those who can help them



The paint is peeling in places and much of the furniture has seen better days. Some people even write on the walls. But if someone in Pasadena, Calif.—particularly a young someone—is looking for warmth and acceptance and help with his problems, he can find it in bountiful amounts at the Foothill Free Clinic.

As a matter of fact, people just being there and willing to lend comfort and assistance to those who walk in is probably the most important medication on the clinic's shelves. In any case, everything is free at this clinic at the base of the San Gabriel Mountains northeast of Los Angeles. The medical services are free, the counselling is free, the legal aid is free and the whole attitude of the staff is free—free of judgment and criticism toward those who are seeking help. And it doesn't matter what brings them there—illnesses related to drug misuse or experimentation, sexual problems or diseases, the pain of fractured family life or just the pressure of coping with U.S. life in the 70's. The staff of volunteers, whether professionally trained or merely making themselves useful with whatever zeal and imagination they possess, are glad to meet those who need what they have to give.

"Sometimes," says a pretty 17-year-old volunteer, "we can't solve our own problem of feeling necessary in this world unless we're helping someone else to solve theirs'.

The Foothill Free Clinic gives besides a chance."

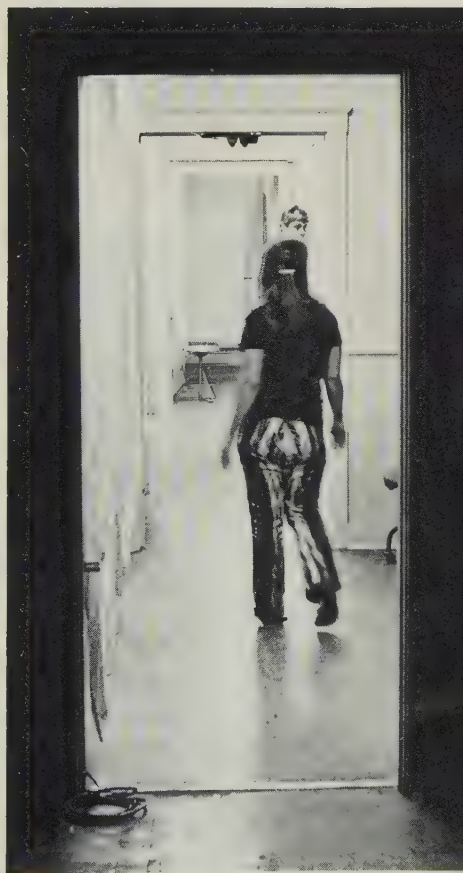
The clinic was created just over three years ago by a group of young ministers—Protestant, Jewish and Catholic—who spotted growing problems related to the self-destructive use of drugs. They thought that the churches in Pasadena ought to be doing something about that. And just so nobody missed the point, they pointed it to the people of Pasadena that the drug problem was not affecting somebody **else's** kids—it was affecting the **Establishment's** kids. It wasn't long before the Establishment people were coming up with funds to get the clinic in business—and they are still there—out of sight but firmly supportive.

"What we wanted to communicate to teenagers and young adults," says one of the founding ministers, "was that they could come to us and find people who—to be blunt—give a damn." People obviously got the message, for on that summer "opening night" three years ago 90 clients showed up at the clinic.

Last year, 11,000 young people came to the clinic for medical treatment, counselling, help with draft problems or legal assistance. The early emphasis on drug-related problems has been expanded to encompass just about any condition affecting young people who feel judgment or reprisal should they seek help through family doctors, hospitals or welfare offices.



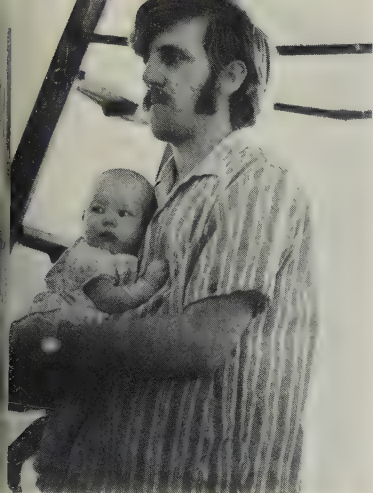
**the young volunteers who man
the reception area at Foothill
are never judgmental or
patronizing. Some of them
have sought the clinic's
services themselves, and
stayed on to help others.**





Reception room discussions break down the fear and alienation so many visitors to the clinic bring with them. Below, volunteers clown for the photographers with a "mock frisking" just before the clinic moved to its new quarters. Foothill serves people of all ages.





Not every visitor to Foothill has a specific legal or medical problem. Over half of the young people who come here are seeking help in identifying their relationships to others," says the clinic's director, John Binkley. "The problem of relationships seems to cut across all ages, too. There is the impersonality of schools, churches, city governments and agencies . . . every kind of institution. And any time we start passing people down the line, any time we start operating like a whole bureaucracy, the kids don't like it. Maybe adults can accept impersonality as a necessary evil, but kids can at least live with it, but they resent it."

Another common problem, according to Binkley, is the teenagers' view of adults as absolute hypocrites. They hear an alcoholic mother berate her daughter for using pot, they see chicanery in high public

offices, policemen on the take, educators with disdain for the black, the brown, the poor—even the young. Church people who speak out of both sides of their mouth and policemen who practice selective oppression against young people with long hair are examples of the kind of hypocrisy young people see all too often—so often that they imagine it even when it isn't there. Distrust and alienation flourish in such a climate, of course, and the problem with relationships becomes worse. Such conditioning frustrates the efforts of young people to communicate and trust—even among themselves. There is no typical visitor to the clinic. But whether they are black, chicano, affluent or poor, they share a feeling of being cut off from the rest of the world.

It is young people who make the Foothill Free Clinic happen every day—and who are largely responsible for the feelings of belonging and trust that exist there. John Binkley is about as old as they get and he's 28. Most of the doctors, lawyers and psychological counsellors who donate their time to the clinic are in their late 20's or early 30's. But it is the teen-age volunteers who are really "up front" in the reception area, breaking down the mistrust among the clinic's clients. Because many of the volunteers have been helped by the clinic themselves, there is no pose, no patronizing. They help newcomers

by the air of assurance they generate.

"It just wouldn't work if we had older people meeting the kids," says a young office worker. "I don't care how well-intentioned they are, they'd scare off some of the people who most need to feel secure."

Teenagers help other teenagers, moreover, just by being at the clinic. The mutual concerns shared by these young people are quickly apparent to them in counselling sessions and reception room raps. The very fact that their peers are present helps alleviate the fear and break down the alienation that so many of the visitors bring with them.

With 450 people visiting the clinic each week, it takes a lot of volunteers to keep things running smoothly. Now there are about 200 para-professionals signed up to assist 120 professional workers. These para-professionals run the office, man the telephones and keep the place in reasonable order. They have gravitated to the clinic for a variety of reasons. One young man first got involved after his college class in sociology gave credit to students who did field work at the clinic. When he finished the course he stayed on to become a key member of the staff.

Another volunteer was herself a client at the clinic last year. "The best way I could repay the clinic for the friendship and help I received was to join the staff," she says. A young conscientious objector

explains that he came to the clinic with the permission of the Selective Service System. "I can't imagine any better way to serve my country or my community," he says.

"Most of us agree on one thing," says another volunteer. "People need all the help they can get from one another. We just want to be a contributing part of the human family. Working at the clinic has got to be the greatest training I know for participating in the very human experience."

Although the clinic has moved four times since it opened—always seeking larger quarters—its future is clouded by financial problems. It is entirely supported by private contributions, but, according to Binkley, large contributors cannot be depended upon to repeat. "I don't become bored, disaffected with us," he says. "They want to be on the next thing." Foothill faced closing down last summer for lack of operating funds. Again, young people came to the rescue when 1300 students from 70 schools in the area participated in a fund-raising hike which raised \$10,000.

"You look around at all that's wrong in this world," says a young man in the waiting room, "and it's not hard just to give up and try to find comfort in drugs or sex, just using people for all they're worth. But this clinic gives you more than immediate help. It gives you people caring about other people. It gives you hope."

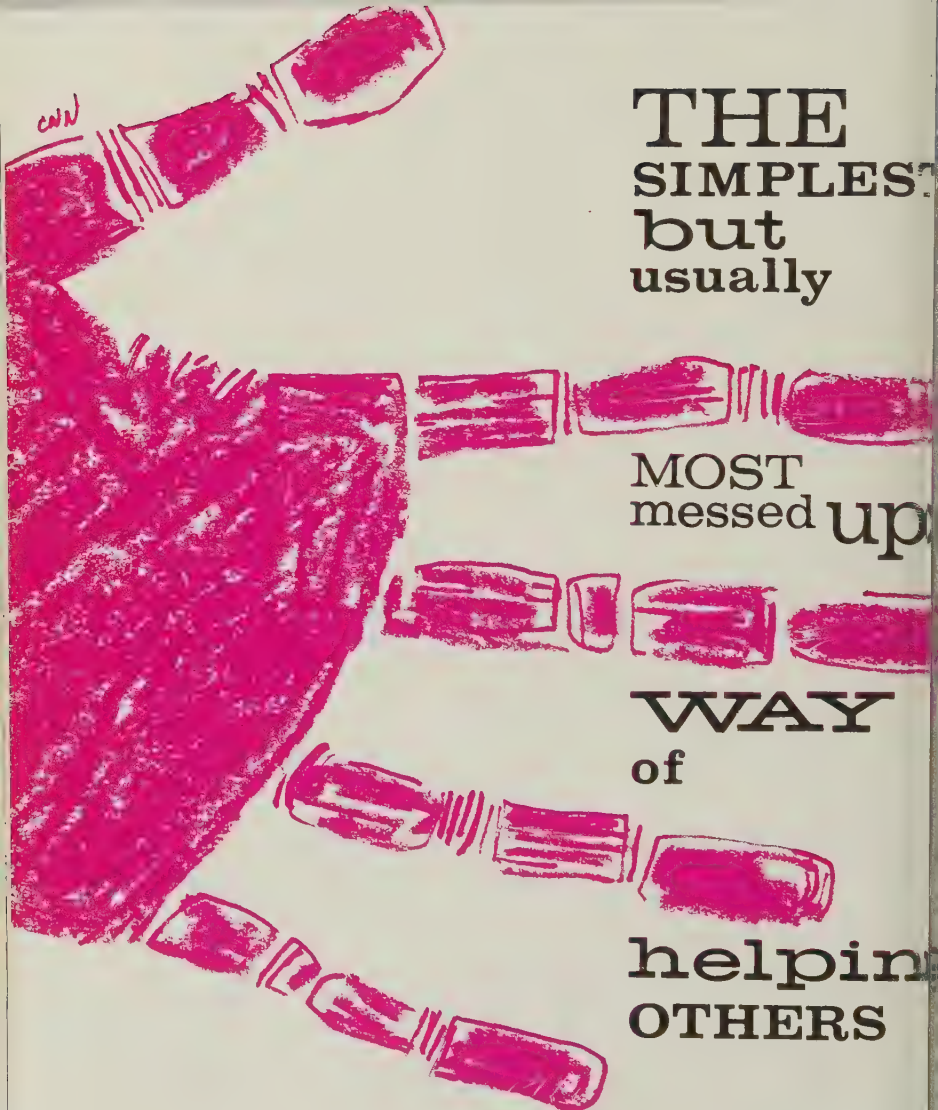
Many visitors to the clinic are seeking help in identifying their relationships to others. Foothill tries to act on a one-to-one basis, and to avoid operating like "a little bureaucracy."



PRAYER
IS
LIKE
LOVE

WE CAN NOT BE MINE
BUT MUST BE OURS
IF IT IS TO BE AT ALL.

ALLEN HAPPE



THE
SIMPLEST
but
usually

MOST
messed up

WAY
of

helping
OTHERS

by Barry Bricklin, Ph.D., and
Patricia M. Bricklin, Ph.D.

Art by Charles Newton

“Dear Doctors: I am 19 and a sophomore in college. My girl friend is 19 and majoring in the field of nursing. She tells me she is going crazy because of her parents. Her mother is extremely over-protective. She constantly questions her about how she feels, what she is wearing, where she is going and so forth. Her mother nags her day and night. The nagging is so bad that my girl friend says she does not wish to live any longer.

“Her father is not very understanding either. He tells her she must not get married until she finishes college. He repeats this over and over and over. These are not isolated incidences. They go on and on.

“My girl friend is not able to leave the house without her mother checking up on her. She cannot open her mouth about marriage without her father jumping down her throat.

“Naturally, I, as her boyfriend, hear about all of these things and they upset me greatly. Since I do love her very much, I try giving suggestions. I told her to sit down with her parents and talk the situation out with them. She claims she has tried this but without success.

“Practically every time I go over there on Saturday night I hear the same thing. All I seem to be able to do is to listen, which I feel I am very good at, but I am unable to make any suggestions. I would appreciate it very much if you would give me some suggestions as to what would help her.”

This is obviously a letter from a right and sensitive young man. His concern for the girl is very apparent, and his intention to help is clear.

We have two suggestions. The first consists of some very direct information which he can pass along to his girl friend. It concerns a very important area in psychology: how people become upset. The second suggestion deals with the easiest and

best way one human being can help another. The funny thing is that this technique, so simple and so powerful, is hardly ever used correctly.

HOW PEOPLE UPSET THEMSELVES: First, let us say some brief words about how people become upset. Perhaps if the young man explains to his girl friend the mechanism by which people upset

themselves, she can take some positive steps to reduce her unhappiness.

If you will remember our first article in this series, the one called "When Should You Be Angry?" you may recall how we explained that contrary to what people believe, external realities are not really what upset us. What upsets us is *what we say to ourselves* about these external realities. This "estimative thinking," this telling - ourselves - what's - out - there, is what produces painful emotions, not the external events themselves.

Let us try to prove our point. Suppose a tiger were to approach

IT ISN'T THE TIGER THAT
SCARES YOU—IT'S WHAT YOU
TELL YOURSELF ABOUT
THE BEAST.

you. You would become frightened. Should someone later ask you to explain what was going on at the time you would answer: "The tiger scared me."

But, as a matter of fact, this would not be an accurate statement. You scared you, and you did it by what you rapidly said to yourself (and hence believed) after seeing the tiger. Your own words—rapid and below the level of ordinary awareness — produced your fear. These words might have been: "My goodness, that's a tiger!" Then you might have rapidly remembered that tigers have big teeth and bite. *Following* this rapid thinking to yourself, this telling-yourself-what's-out-there, you would have felt the emotion of fear. Strictly speaking, the tiger gave you an opportunity to frighten yourself, and you, wisely in this case, took it.

The same set-up applies to people. Should someone approach and insult you, you might very well feel yourself overwhelmed with anger. Again, should someone later have asked you what happened, you might have said: "He insulted me. He made me angry!"

But once more we would have remind you that Mr. So-and-So, the insult hurler, did *not* make you angry. *You* made you angry—you did it by what you rapidly said to yourself and believed *following* the insults. Before you could feel insulted and angry you would have



to say to yourself something like the following: "He has no right to do this to me! I cannot stand it when people say things to me I do not want to hear! How dare he have that opinion of me! I can't stand it when people put me down!" This stupid bit of thinking—this ongoing explanation to yourself of the external reality—would arouse the feelings of humiliation and anger.

Here is an easy way to prove this point. Picture three people, A, B, and C standing and talking. A fourth man, D, comes along and says: "You are all jerks!"

Persons A and B become upset and angry. Person C stands there calmly—unruffled and non-defensive. Why? If the common sense explanation were correct, if the cause of the anger were to be found in person C's words (that is, in the insult itself), why aren't all three men upset? They all saw and heard the same thing. If persons A and B were to explain their anger by saying; "D insulted me and made me angry," then why wasn't C angry too? He heard the same insulting remark. Why isn't he feeling insulted and angered, the same as A and B?

The answer is found in the fact that C evaluated the situation differently than A and B. Instead of believing, as did A and B, that it is terrible and unfair for people to utter insults, C told himself: "This guy has a problem and believes that he can make me feel bad it will

make him feel good. But I don't have to oblige him."

Let us look back at the situation of the young woman in the letter. Her mother constantly asks her questions she does not want to hear, much less answer. Her father bombards her with statements about when he would like her to marry. The girl claims these parental behavior patterns upset her. But we now see that the statements are not really what is producing the upset. The young lady is doing that to herself. Following the parental statements, the young girl must be saying and believing something like the following: "I cannot stand it when they tell me what to do! They have no right to say this to me! Why don't they behave like I want them to?"

There is another factor to be considered here. Think back to the two articles we did on dependency needs. Dependency needs are yearnings—often below the level of awareness—to seek out and lean on parent-like authority figures. Teenagers, trying desperately to shake off left-over-from-childhood dependency needs, are particularly sensitive to behavior that reminds them of these unwanted yearnings. The greater our anger at some accusation, the greater our unconscious belief that the accusation is secretly true. A teenager who explodes with anger when he is treated in what he imagines to be a babyish way, already believes—unconsciously—that he *is* a baby.

Therefore he must violently deny and suppress any evidence to the contrary: "My goodness, what if people were to discover what I already fear and suspect to be true!"

Moving our psychological microscope closer to the young lady in question, we would guess she is thinking and believing things like the following: "They treat me like a baby. My goodness, suppose I *am* still a baby!? I couldn't stand that! Why do they keep reminding me of something I so fear to be true!?"

The young girl is probably not aware of these thoughts. They flash through her mind in microseconds. People are rarely used to paying attention to the pain-inducing, comfort-destroying, depression-arousing thoughts they bombard themselves with. In intensive psychotherapy we often see that people are so used to doing this to themselves—putting themselves down in varied and assorted ways—that they are unaware of when it is happening.

Since our emotions, in largest part, are determined by the ways in which we think, evaluate, and believe, we must learn to think, estimate and believe in rational ways, if we are to be happy. This is particularly important, since few of us are likely to live our lives in such a way that we are always or even mainly treated in ways we would like to be treated. Other people have the nasty habit of treating us like they want to, rather than as we

would have them. Hence we must learn not to catastrophize when this happens. When someone does something that is annoying or irritating we should learn to call forth emotions appropriate to the situation. If someone is doing something annoying or irritating, (like this girl's parents) there is certainly no harm in telling yourself you are annoyed or irritated. But this is *not* what the young girl is doing. She is telling herself, in one way or another, that what her parents do is *horrible and catastrophic*.

This is easily proved by the fact that the emotions she engenders are more relevant to a catastrophe than to an annoyance or an inconvenience. If she were more rational she would think and believe something like the following: "My parents constantly say things to me that remind me I was once a baby, protected and cared for. All right, so be it. Also, they show me in their words and actions that they would like me to *remain* a baby, that they do not trust me to grow up and do things on my own. But I do not have to feel bad about this. This is obviously a problem area for them. Perhaps they will gradually be able to grow and realize that their fears, their fussy over-protections and their nagging, are not necessary. Meanwhile *I do not have to suffer while they are coming to these realizations*. They are after all entitled to feel and feel whatever they feel like seeing and feeling . . . and I do

YOU ARE **ALL**
JERKS!

WHY DO INSULTS JUST SEEM TO BOUNCE OFF SOME PEOPLE?

ve to upset myself because of
s. Their words are after all only
at—words—and have no real power
do anything to me, except in
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y I would wish—I am free to be
ppy right now . . . regardless of
ir words!”

LISTENING: The young man
d in his letter: “All I seem to be
e to do is to listen . . .” *All* he is
e to do! Indeed!

listening, though seemingly sim-
is one of the most beneficially

powerful things one human can do
for another. The sad thing is that
so few of us do it well. The trouble
we all have is illustrated in the young
man’s letter: he believes *he* is ex-
pected to come up with advice, some
solution for his girl’s problems. But
not only is this not always possible,
it is not usually even desirable. It
is far better for people to solve their
own problems, thus helping them to
become more independent and hence
more proud of themselves.

The most common mistakes we
make when people tell us their trou-
bles are (1) to assume *we* should
solve them; (2) to tell what *we*
would do under the same circum-
stances; and/or (3) to poopoo the
problem, by saying, for example,
“Oh that’s not so bad, wait till you
hear what happened to me.”

Troubled people do not really
want *your* solutions, nor do they
really care what *you* would do in a
similar case. And they certainly
don’t want to be told that their prob-
lems are nothing while yours are
stupendously worse.

What they really want is empathy
—the knowledge that you care—and
a good sounding board against which
they can work out their own solu-
tions.

It is tremendously helpful for a
person to feel he is being under-
stood. We should never underesti-
mate the psychological healing pow-
er in this. When you listen to some-
one you are doing a number of im-
portant things for him. You are,

first of all, showing him you care. You, so to speak, have a hand on his shoulder and are encouraging him to face up to the problem secure in the knowledge that he has a supporter behind him, someone who not only cares but who has faith that the problem will be solved. You are helping him to feel less lonely, less isolated. He is not facing the stress all by himself.

Let us recount an experience we had many years ago. The oldest of our four children, Brian, was then one and a half years old. We found ourselves in the midst of a serious encephalitis epidemic in which many people died. The initial warning symptom was a rapid elevation in body temperature. One day Brian's temperature shot up to 104, and of course we were alarmed. A probably accurate but exceedingly unhelpful and non-psychologically oriented general practitioner came to examine him. His great words of wisdom, said sarcastically, were, "What are you so worried about? Statistically speaking it's probably not encephalitis." He was telling us we were stupid to be concerned (and making, by the way, error number three, poo-pooing someone else's worries). Additionally, he was making errors one and two, implying that if we were him we would not be worried.

Scientifically, this doctor was doing nothing wrong or unethical. There was no way (within the realm of reason) he could make a more

positive diagnosis. And his statistics were right: encephalitis was a long shot. There was nothing of much scientific value that he could tell at that point. Other friends and relatives in the house at the time agreed with him, don't worry, it's not encephalitis.

But from a grandfather we were to learn that day something that would not only help us at the time but would lay the groundwork for our later understanding of the tremendous healing powers in empathy, understanding and good listening.

He let us talk to him of our fears and worry. He said nothing. He

JUST LISTENING CAN BE ONE OF THE MOST BENEFICIALLY POWERFUL THINGS ONE HUMAN CAN DO FOR ANOTHER



not poo-poo our fear. He did not tell us what-are-you-worried-about. He did not tell us what he did under similar circumstances (he had nursed two of his six children through badly epidemics, all without modern antibiotics). He did not seek to console us with superficial reassurances.

When we were talked out, he simply put his hands on our shoulders and quietly said: "Sometimes it's very hard to be a parent."

We immediately felt a good bit better. Why? He didn't help Brian who, luckily, did not have encephalitis). He did not really solve anything. He gave no advice. But he did something the importance of which we were to understand formally only years later, as more mature psychologists: he let us know that he understood and cared about the pain and fear we were experiencing. He did not use the occasion as an opportunity to glorify himself (by telling how he acted on a similar occasion), he did not make us feel even more inferior (by pointing out that he had nursed children through far worse crises), and he did not try to dismiss the problem (by the old what-are-you-worrying-about trick).

He verbally and physically put his hands on our shoulders, and showed that he shared our pain, that he understood what we were going through.

This young man would do well to himself of the belief that he must solve the girl's problems for her,

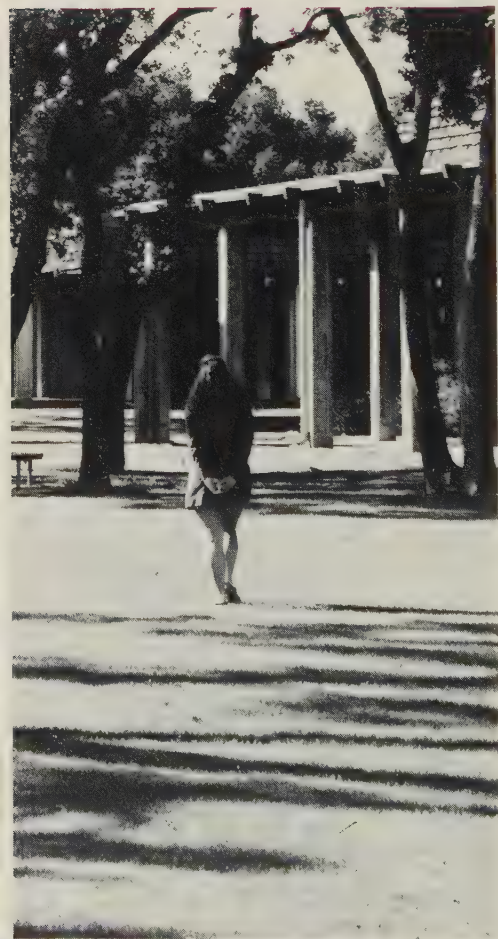
that he has somehow to find a solution for her. True, he can pass along the information spelled out in the first part of this article. In this instance he can do this because of our professional advice. But under more usual circumstances, he should not underestimate the tremendous help he is already giving her just by listening—provided he really does listen.

There is just one more remark we have to make about this letter, and we make it because we have no way of assessing the seriousness of the girl's remark that she does not really care whether she lives or dies. It is dangerous to make diagnostic guesses on the basis of letters. However, we have always observed one rule of thumb on the daily radio and television programs we used to do, and now in our newspaper and magazine columns. When someone claims they do not want to live, or are not sure they do, we take this as a serious warning. If this young man has quoted the girl accurately that she does not want to live any longer, she should be urged to seek professional help. Suicide threats, open or subtle, should always be taken seriously.

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Barry Bricklin, Ph.D. and Patricia M. Bricklin, Ph.D., are a husband-and-wife team of psychologists. If you have a problem you would like them to discuss through this series of articles, write to them c/o YOUTH, 1505 Race St., Phila., Pa. 19102. All inquiries will be kept confidential.

ISN'T GRADUATION A TIME FOR CELEBRATION

by KATHY ROE



On June 9, in a ceremony out on the football field, the class of graduated from Henry M. Gunn High School. Equipped with caps and gowns and a few parents and friends to root at the appropriate time, all but four or five of the students participated. I was one who didn't.

I spent some time in the early spring deciding what I wanted to do about graduation. The two previous years I had played my violin in the orchestra, going through "Pomp and Circumstance" what seemed like 200 times before the entire class had marched from the gym to their places on the field. Neither time had I been partici



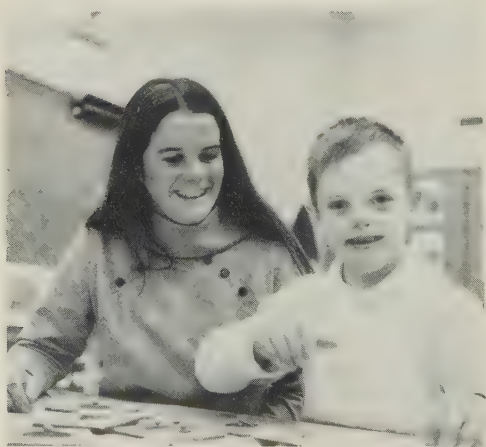
though Kathy did not wear a cap and gown, she was there at her baccalaureate. Her father led the service, but instead of a traditional sermon, there was an innovative discussion.

ly moved by the ceremony itself; in fact, I found it pretty dull. When the time came for me to fill out the forms to order my own cap and gown, I went over possible reasons for participating in the graduation and found that, for me, the reasons did not hold, and I could not accept them. My feelings about my school were mixed. I was extremely fortunate to go to Gunn High School in Alto, Calif. It's a beautiful school, only five years old, among small, rolling hills and many terrific oak trees. No dress code, only four bells a day, modular scheduling, excellent course selection—these are only a few of the many ideas and opportunities at

Gunn. And yet, I was constantly running up against weaknesses—flaws perhaps not exclusive to Gunn, but inclusive of the entire school system. From his first days in school, the child is faced with this accepted, and passed-on, philosophy of achieving not for his own personal growth, but for praise; of doing something not because he's interested in it, but for the grade he'll receive. Although I always did very well in school, over the years I became more and more frustrated by this attitude which I could not accept and yet had to conform to. It was sad for me to watch myself give in and write the paper the last night of the quarter because I couldn't afford a zero.

"GRADUATION WAS THE LAST IN A LONG SERIES OF THINGS THAT I HAD BEEN TOLD TO DO, BUT THAT I SAW NO REASON FOR, OR HAD NO INTEREST IN DOING. AND SO, FOR ONCE I DIDN'T DO IT."

Kathy and young Steve at the Spangler School in Palo Alto



Another tragic thing, to my mind, was to observe the lack of spontaneity or enthusiasm toward learning that grew in me and my friends. I always had the feeling of "putting in my time" at high school. I learned what I was supposed to learn because it was on a ditto in front of me, or I read only what was assigned. Somewhere there must be a terrible wrong being done. Eager, beautiful, creative children emerge after 13 years in the system, tired and trained and extremely frustrated. Perhaps the blame lies not with the schools but with society or even the students themselves. Nevertheless, my point is that graduation emerged as the last in a very long series of things that I had been told to do, but that I saw no reason, or had no interest in doing. And so, for once, I didn't do it.

My senior year was my happiest high school year, mainly because I spent the least amount of time in school. Except for science, all of the college requirements were out of the way. I took English, U.S. History, taught in Spanish, chemistry, and sixth year Spanish, which is actually the study of Spain and contemporary Spanish literature. Because of the modular scheduling (most classes every other day for 90 minutes), I was only in school two or three hours a day. The faculty at Gurnee is unusually open to new, student-initiated projects, and I was the first of a group of about eight

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students allowed to fulfill the state physical education requirement by teaching swimming to handicapped children in Palo Alto. I was also part of a string quartet for which we received class credit for our playing outside of school.

My greatest opportunity came through the exploratory experience program. This is a program set up by the school district in which students are placed as volunteer workers in service organizations, businesses, or community agencies. Each student who participates is given a wide selection of places to work, along with receiving class time and class credit for his work. For many years I have worked with the retarded, and because of this program I received credit all

through high school for my out-of-school activities. I am a volunteer at Sonoma State Hospital and teach swimming at the Community Association for the Retarded in Palo Alto. Since I only went to school in the mornings, I was a volunteer teacher's aide at Spangler School for the Retarded, a job the exploratory experience counselor found for me. My senior year I was working a 4:00 p.m. to midnight shift at a home for retarded or disturbed persons. So, as you can see, by my last year my focus was not on school at all. For this reason, I felt no great loyalty and no sadness upon leaving Gunn, for in a sense, I had left long ago.

The academic finishing of high school also did not mark anything

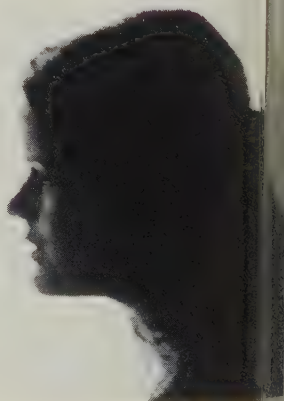
thy with her boyfriend, and one
their favorite oak trees



in my life. In the first place, I'll go to the University of California at Berkeley in the fall, so my days of writing papers are far from over. Also, both my parents are intelligent, well-educated people and I was brought up in a home where it is expected that you will do your best in school. We were never paid for the number of A's we brought home, and my parents never set rules like "No T.V. until homework is finished." It's a good situation—your school-work is your own responsibility and parents step in only when absolutely necessary. So here again, the graduating from high school was no big thing. I was expected to do well, I did well, and so it was over. If learning had been hard for me, if high school was a real struggle for me, if my parents had not both been to high school and college, or if I came from a poor home or minority group, perhaps it would have been different.

It may sound contrary to what I've said before, but I **do** have many good memories of my years at Gunn. At times it was a haven from personal problems. I had my special places with special people under special oak trees, and many of the relationships begun there are strong and very valuable. There were times when I was overwhelmed with the amount of learning I could do there, and there were moments when student and teacher really came together. Somehow, my idea of finishing that off, of saying

"THE BEGINNING OF
A NEW ERA SHOULD
BE A JOYOUS THING.
INSTEAD OF DIPLOMAS
AND SPEECHES THERE
SHOULD BE FLOWERS
AND MUSIC AND
MAYBE THE SHARING
OF A LOAF OF
BREAD OR A MEAL."



goodbye to the good things, is not to wear an ugly gown and accept a diploma from a principal met only once. Instead, my way is to correspond with the teachers who were also friends, to continue the friendships that began at school, and before I leave for college, to say goodbye to the trees. My final question was that of addition. Would I be sorry later that I had missed this traditional part of growing up? After some thought, I decided that, no, I couldn't be sorry. It is true that the graduation ceremony marks the end of the old life and the beginning of a new one for each of us. But to me, that represents a type of rebirth—a freedom from some of the shackles and problems of the past and a chance to continue to grow and learn and discover and create. So why then choose to mark this with a gloomy and solemn ceremony? I chose instead to enter into my new life with celebration, and with the conviction that I can learn from the bad things and build on the good.

The reactions of my family were that it was my decision—if justified by my own head, it was acceptable to them. Most of my friends were surprised, saying that they wouldn't have had the nerve to ask their parents. The school secretary phoned me a couple of times, asking if I had "forgotten" to turn in my cap and gown order. The only negative reaction I got was from a

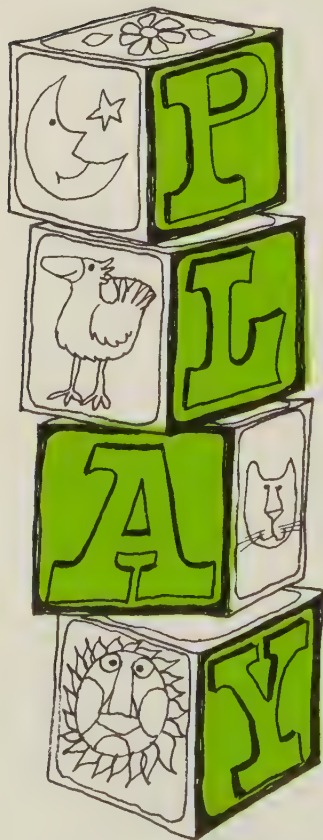
friend of my mother's who also had a daughter in the class.

The trend not to participate in graduation ceremonies is interesting in the Palo Alto area. Woodside High School, nearly all white and from a very affluent area, had nearly half of the seniors refusing to participate. On the other hand, Ravenswood High School in East Palo Alto, which is a much lower economic bracket and nearly all black, had 100 percent attendance. I believe this speaks for itself.

If I had considered the issue earlier in the year, perhaps I might have volunteered for the graduation planning committee. My complaint against the ceremony itself is its sterility, its "aloofness," its austerity. The beginning of a new era in one's life should be a joyous thing. My dream of a high school graduation is a celebration of life between students, teachers, family and friends. Instead of diplomas and speeches there should be flowers and music and maybe the sharing of a loaf of bread or a meal.

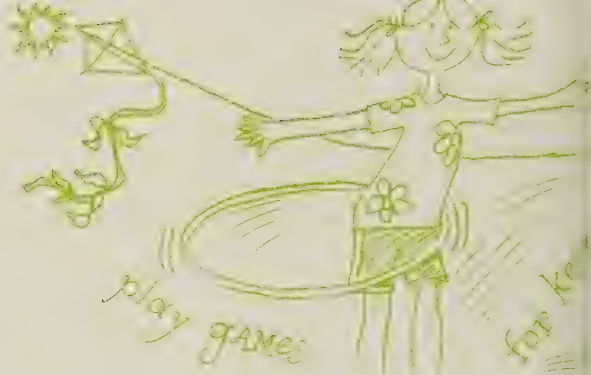
This is just my own dream, it may be very different from the dreams of the others who were not satisfied with the traditional ceremony. But a growing need for something different, something more personal, is evident. Because this is an area where students have a great deal of influence, I envision changes in the future toward a more responsive graduation ceremony than we know today.

The Spirit of



by CHRIS QUEEN

Art by Sandy Bauer



When you least expect it, a certainly not when you work for the spirit of play may pounce on you and take you by surprise. Suddenly you are free from care, prone to laughter and full of energy. Anything is possible, and everything is delightful.

To play is to stretch your imagination and make believe—or to stretch your body by running, jumping, dancing or playing an instrument. For it means you can laugh at serious things or be very serious about ridiculous things. Obviously you can't play all the time, but everyone needs to play sometimes. In play you are free to do whatever you want to be.

At one time or another you have played charades, volleyball, spin-the-bottle, frisbee, the bassoon or clarinet. But did you ever play it seriously? play dumb, play hard-to-get, play favorites, play up to someone, play down your weaknesses, or play



Steps? These are all ways of playing. What they all have in common is fantasy and imagination. When you're caught up in the spirit of play, **anything** can be play if you make it so.

Reading a novel or going to the movies is "entertainment." But entertainment can be play if you put yourself into it. You're not really **doing** anything, but suddenly **you're in a new world**. You struggle to discover the missing clue, you agonize over the hero's awkwardness, you share the hero's victory. You may even put down the book or leave the theater with a new idea about who you are.

Every class has a clown, sometimes two or three. To be a clown is to make fun of what is happening, to be the unexpected and break the rules that everyone takes for granted. Clowns laugh when everyone else is serious; they are very serious when everyone else laughs. Clowns are happy in a world of neatness, clumsy

when grace is required, loud and raucous in times of peace and quiet. Clowning stops being playful, of course, when people get mad or someone gets hurt. But as long as others can join in, and nobody gets caught, clowning is play.

Tinkering and puttering are play, too, and these are things you do by yourself. Like rearranging the furniture in a room (for no particular reason), polishing something dull, painting things a different color. Or adjusting things, like a carburetor, a dress hem, a stereo system. Or putting things in order, like your books, your socks, your plans for the summer. Puttering goes much better when you whistle or hum. Some people chew gum when they putter. It is almost impossible to be depressed after an hour of hard puttering. This is one of the most important forms of play.

But what about practicing? To



play the piano or ice hockey well takes regular practice. This means exercise, sweat and strain, discipline, exhaustion. Unlike entertainment, clowning and tinkering, practice can be **hard work**. On the other hand, it involves entering into a new world—the world of music or the world of hockey. It has its own set of rules, some of which you make up as you go—how long to practice, what to practice, and how to go about it. And it involves arranging the elements of a sonata or a hockey play into a pleasing or effective order. But the fact that all these aspects of play are present in practicing doesn't make it play, as any serious musician or athlete will tell you.

What makes practicing play is the spirit of play itself, and this you can never predict. Most musicians rehearse to perform well; most athletes practice to win the game. But if these are the only reasons to practice, then practice is hard work, because the

satisfaction doesn't come until the recital is applauded and the game won. But if the spirit of play really takes hold of you, the experiences stretching the body and exercising the imagination in practice become so pleasurable that you can't ignore it. When this happens, it doesn't seem to matter whether the final performance is good or the game is won. All that matters is the joy of the keys and the feel of the ice.

Play, then, is a spirit which transports you to a new world through fantasy, imagination and the exercise of your own body. Such a mood never lasts forever, but when it is strongest it feels like it might. Play is the expression of being **completely human and completely alive**.

But now a problem appears. Why do we associate play with children? Are children more alive and more human than adults? Why don't we play all our lives? Is growing up simply forgetting how to play?



For many people it seems to be that. It is not so difficult to imagine life without play. We still read novels and go to the movies, but a new world awaits us there. Clowning is reduced to party jokes and trivial gossip, and puttering begins to justify itself as a "duty"—the car must be polished, the furniture must be moved, everything must be kept tidily in order. We are seldom the happy victims of a roving spirit of play. We are never caught off guard. Imagination withers and life goes flat. And the older you get, the worse it comes.

What is even worse is that most people **expect** this to happen, and they have plenty of reasons to explain it. "Play is for kids. Grownups must get the work or it wouldn't get done." Of course, nothing could be farther from the truth. Playing is part of being human no matter how old you are. Not to play is to become a vegetable, something which simply

lives. Or a machine, which simply works, and works, and works. But this is exactly what happens to many people. They seldom laugh or smile, they never play tricks on friends, dress up in bright colors, run and jump for joy, or play in mud. They are serious and busy, always neat. They enjoy life most by "relaxing" at the end of another terrible day or another heavy week. They read the newspaper obsessively, but always shake their heads in despair. Their greatest pleasure seems to come from buying and collecting new things which they never really use.

Finally, and worst of all, such people seem to resent and fear the spirit of play when they see it in others. Play becomes "irresponsible" and "self-indulgent." How can you honestly play, they ask, in the face of the world's awful problems—the starvation of millions of children in India, the poverty of Blacks and Puerto Ricans who live in cities, the dis-



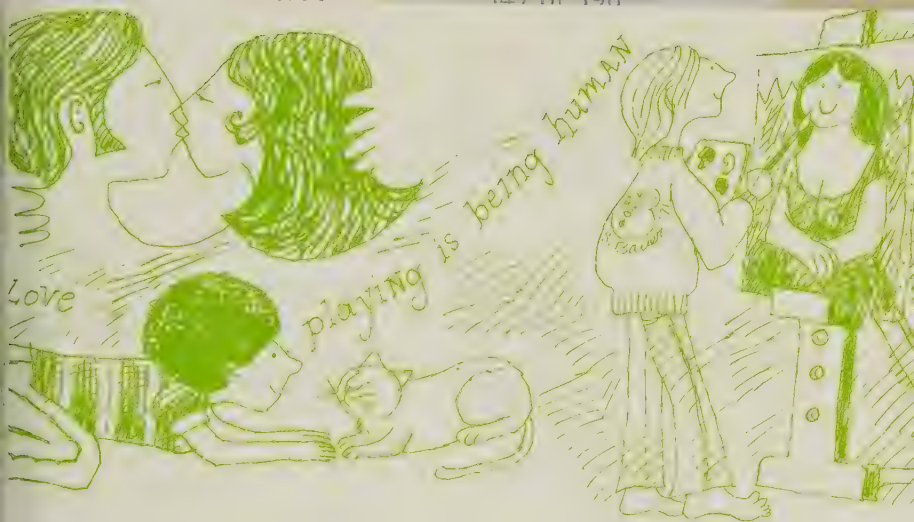
gusting pollution of our air and water, and the killing in Southeast Asia? Certainly, they seem to say, until these problems are solved, **there must be a moratorium on love-making and a stop to all this senseless laughter and play!**

It is no coincidence that such people should mention play and laughter in the same breath with "love-making," just as it is no coincidence that young people all over the world have discovered the connection between love, peace, freedom and the ability to play. All of these words express what it means to be human, to be fully alive and awake. The fact that some people are poor and miserable is directly related to the fact that others are rich and miserable. Selfishness, cruelty and violence are all results of the inability to laugh and play. Love, peace and sharing are all related to the spirit of play.

It is impossible to enjoy a good book or see a great movie without

wanting to share it with someone else. Clowning is only fun when others can join in. Puttering and tinkering by yourself lead to a sense of peace and well-being which needs to be shared with others. Practicing an art or your skills results in a keen desire to play for others and to show away what you have made. That is why the nations of the world, when they are at odds with each other, are able to come together to sing and dance, to play musical instruments, to play ping-pong, and to relax with each other's jokes. If everybody could get together once in a while for playing and playing, the front page of our newspapers would be all scores and reviews.

But the question remains—how can you play if you have become so serious and so depressed by the problems in life that play and laughter seem impossible? What then? It happens to you—and it happens to everybody at times—then here



the suggestions which may help to
 revive the sleeping spirit of play
 in you:

Change your clothes. If you always
 wear clean clothes, put on something dirty.
 If you're always dirty, take a bath and put
 on something clean.

Look at yourself in the mirror. Before
 you get even more depressed, make 65
 different faces. No make-up allowed.

Sing loudly an operatic aria or any
 other song that comes to mind—in gibberish.

Take a long walk and say, "How do
 you do," or "Good day" to everyone you
 meet. (Don't say "Hi" or "What's up?")
 If you're a boy, tip your hat (you should
 always wear hats on these walks). If you're
 a girl, curtsy. If anyone tries to tell you how
 you're doing, say "Oh, I'm so sorry," and
 give them something to keep.

Go to the post office and offer to help
 with the mail.

Go to church on Sunday and do every-
 thing the other people do. But feel free to
 do anything that sounds funny. If you
 are asked to leave early, offer to help with
 the service next week.

Paint your own version of the Mona
 Lisa. Try to be as accurate as possible.

8. Invite your worst enemy to tea.

9. Fill in more suggestions yourself.

Note: The editors of YOUTH couldn't
 resist taking the author up on his invitation.
 Here are some methods we've found useful
 for invoking the playful spirit:

* Pinch (gently!) a cat's paw-pad.

* Look into someone's ear (preferably
 someone you know) and flutter your eye-
 lashes.

* Stroll into a gift shop and find the
 ugliest, most expensive thing on the shelves
 (ornate birdbaths and clocks disguised as
 anything but clocks are likely candidates).
 Then find a sales clerk who isn't busy, and
 engage in an earnest discussion on the
 merits of this item as a gift for your Aunt
 Tillie on the occasion of her graduation
 from Law School.

* Have a pillow fight, complete with
 jumping on the bed.

* Chuck someone's chin (babies don't
 count).

* Pay a sincere compliment to someone
 you never saw before in your life. Railroad
 station announcers, for instance, often have
 beautiful voices which deserve notice.

* Squeal with glee (and maybe you'll
 get some!).

MOVIE CENSORSHIP

I hardly ever agree with Judith Crist's movie reviews in TV Guide, but I wish everyone in the country could read what she says about censorship and the rating system in the August issue of YOUTH. Keep on being a voice for people whose ideas should be heard!

—E. L., Charlotte, N.C.

CURFEW COMMUNICATION

Thank you, YOUTH, for printing that quiz, "Would You Be a Permissive Parent?" (August, 1971). When I read it, I thought, well, here's another little fantasy trip fun-and-games test. But then my mother picked up the magazine. I guess she mentally took the quiz herself, and came out as an authoritarian parent! Anyway, it provoked some much-needed communication between us, especially about curfews.—G. R., Benewah, Ida.

THE ACTIVE APPROACH

I have read YOUTH for about three years, whenever I could get a copy. My compliments for what I consider an excellent magazine for its active, rather than passive, ideas about modern society, and for its universal appeal free from secular bias.—J. D., Muscatine, Ia.

MORE WORSHIP RESOURCES

Many thanks for your excellent special issue of YOUTH on worship (July, 1971). I have made use of some of the material and have included it in a booklet we are doing as a resource suggestion.

My only critical note would be in relation to the cross-referencing in your own resource list. For instance, Corita Kent's Footnotes and Headlines was listed under "Using Art." But it is the single most influential book about liturgy I have read in the last five years, and in some ways shaped my understanding of worship in the same way as Dom Gregory Dix's monumental work, The Shape of Liturgy. In the future, you might wish to add: The Underground Mass Book (Harvard Press, Baltimore); the songbook "Journey to Freedom" (The Swan Press, Chicago); and another book about worship called How and Why (Seabury). And for more information, Associated Parishes, Inc. (Box 7, Washington, Conn. 06793) has a never-expanding loose-leaf liturgical resources book called "Create and Celebrate" and OPEN, a communication-publication published about 6 times a year.

Keep up the good work. Grace, power and peace.

—O. C., Washington, D.C.

SPECIAL OFFER

was delighted with the July issue of YOUTH on worship. Do you see any special prices for quantity orders of that issue?

—E. K., New York, N.Y.

Copies of our worship issue are available for 50¢ apiece; \$40.00 for 100 copies; \$185.00 for 500 copies.—The editors

JUST IN YOUTH

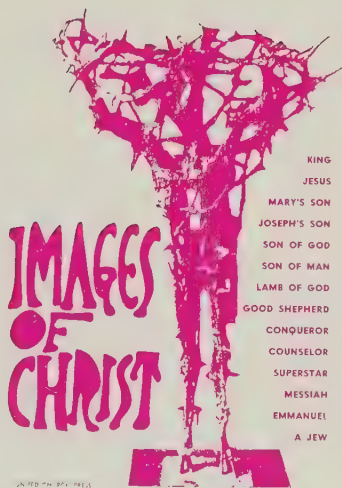
was very interested in your article on the White House Conference on Youth (August, 1971). A friend of mine was a delegate. He says it is one of the few fair, unbiased stories on the conference that he has seen. It's good to know there's a magazine that can be trusted, one that doesn't underestimate its readers.

—J. S., Galveston, Tex.

LAZARUS RETURNS

In the supplement to your April issue, "Images of Christ," the author refers to the story in Luke 19-31, but has completely reversed the two main characters. Is the beggar who is called Lazarus whose name Dives, (which does not appear in the English versions) is simply the Latin word (used in the gate version) meaning a rich man. I thought you might like to have a correction.

—Rev. J. F. S., Gambier, Ohio



KING

JESUS

MARY'S SON

JOSEPH'S SON

SON OF GOD

SON OF MAN

LAMB OF GOD

GOOD SHEPHERD

CONQUEROR

COUNSELOR

SUPERSTAR

MESSIAH

EMMANUEL

A JEW

UNITED METHODIST PRESS

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A *dey* IN THE LIFE OF THE PARTRIDGE FAMILY

Susan with her Partridge Family.



A typewritten sign over the telephone in the Dey household at Mount Sco, N.Y. reads:

"ALL CALLS FOR SUSAN

Give this address:

Susan Dey, Screen Gems
Hollywood, California.

Do not give any other address, telephone number, or information. Say you are sorry, but that's all you can give."

And that's just about all Susan Dey's family can give to inquiring fans from today's sub-cult of ten to fifteen-year-old teeny-boppers who worship the lives and loves of America's young television stars. Eighteen-year-old Susan Dey, who plays the role of Laurie in ABC's popular show "The Brady Family" has suddenly made it to the top.

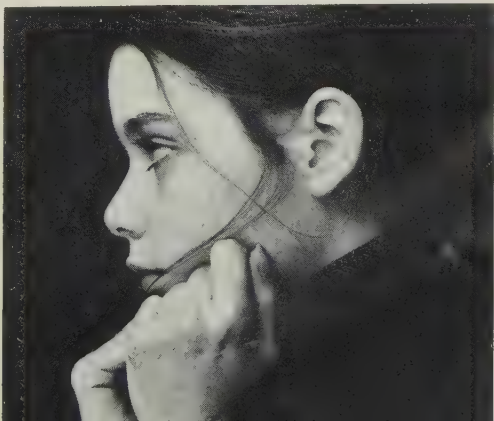
Surprisingly enough, when someone asks Susan, "What's it like to be a star?" she answers, "I really don't know. Why don't you ask a star?"

BRIAN VACHON

Photos by Richard Howard

And she's not being flip or demure or evasive. She's just saying, "I don't know. I only know that I had the early good fortune to land a part in a television series that has been renewed for a second year—a part that demands not very much at all of me as an actress, and I think I would like to become an actress before I start thinking if I want to become a star."

It makes you wonder. I mean I had to anyway. Here's a young girl whose step-mother sent her photograph to a New York model agency and who six months later was getting \$75 an hour to have her picture appear in fashion magazines all over the country. Here's a young someone who was making television commercials about how to take off the most complex facial make-up before most of her friends knew how to put it on. Here's a kid who tried out for a role in a TV series without a single day of professional acting experience.





Susan asks herself "Am I an actress?" and candidly replies: "I don't know yet. I've had no opportunity to find out. The only things I've done were in high school and the Partridge series. That's why I'm taking acting lessons in New York when I'm not filming. I want to find out what kind of an actress I can be. I guess if I have a goal it's to keep on working, trying to improve. I have to have something to work toward."

As an aspiring actress and already the most successful young model in the country, Susan must realize she is a beautiful young woman. Or does she?

"That's a funny question. I guess I consider myself baby-faced. I don't think I've established yet whether I'm cute or beautiful. I'm in-between. I don't care, as long as they pay me to take my picture. In ten years I'll care. I wish my nose were longer. And when I was in school I was nick-

named 'duck-lips.' I don't know how I look at a picture of myself and I look like Susan Dey. That's all."

Susan Dey That's All is the oldest sister of nine-year-old Margie ("the real actress in the family") and 16-year-old Tom ("he keeps himself mostly"), younger sister 22-year-old Leslie (housewife; ex-model) and daughter of Robert and Gail Dey, residents of a fashionable New York suburb.

Mrs. Dey is an admittedly excellent step-mother of a young star (Susan's natural mother died when she was ten). Robert Dey is equally excellent about his daughter's unexpected flight into the limelight. But his reservations and misgivings make occasional appearances.

Mrs. Dey: "I love the movie 'The Eden.' And I can easily see Susan in the Julie Harris role. She would be perfect."

Mr. Dey: "I love the movie 'The'

e of the Sierra Madre.' But I
n't see a part for Susan in that at
"

Mrs. Dey: "It's weird to think it
r happened to Susan. All this. Yet
at if she had gone to college like
her friends? She would have been
serable. I remember when she was
nger and we used to play char-
es. She was fantastic!"

Mr. Dey: "Susan's suddenly been
own into the world of pressures—
adult world. I wish I knew what
e sees being an actress is. She
ays had a strong feeling for social
uses. Maybe she wants to make a
philosophical statement on the stage.
I don't know."

Susan remembers one incident

which may reflect what Mr. Dey
terms her "social consciousness."
"When I was younger, we all (the
family) went to Harlem on a pro-
gram to help clean up a block. We
were cleaning up bricks and painting
walls and really thinking we were
doing good. But then it struck me. I
was doing surface stuff. I was being
a hypocrite. I can't talk woman to
woman with a black girl when she
knows I'm going to drive back to
Mount Kisco before it gets dark and
she's going to stay in Harlem. I don't
know why there has to be a Harlem."

As a young child, did Susan ex-
press an interest in acting? Mrs.
Dey recalls: "I saw something Susan
wrote in her diary one time. 'I don't



*"Modeling agencies make
you feel like glass—like an
object. I'll go for an appoint-
ment and they look through
my book. And then I leave
and only hope I'll hear from
them later."*





know what I want to be. A nurse, maybe a social worker, or maybe an actress. But I don't know. I guess that's silly.'"

Well, Mrs. Dey didn't think that was silly at all. "Was I a stage mother? Yes, I suppose I was. I pushed the girls. I was convinced Susan had stage presence. Too many things are boring in Mount Kisco. I wanted them to have more."

"Susan was always a performer," Mr. Dey remembers. "When she was a little girl, we'd be walking to town or somewhere and she would always be about 100 yards behind or else 100 yards ahead. She had to stand out. She was always that way."

Success in television-land means stardom as the super female idol of the teeny fan magazines. So now Susan is the non-author of an endless array of articles: "Susan Dey—'My Hates and Loves'" and "Susan—'Ten Ways to Get Him to Kiss you'" and "Susan Tells All."

Susan most enjoys being home with her family, listening to records with 16-year-old brother Tom and sharing a private joke with younger sister Margaret.

Mrs. Dey admits, "I pore over fan magazines. I was asked to write something about what it was like to be Robert's wife and Susan's mother. When they got through with it, I didn't even recognize it and I hope no one would read it."

But even Mr. Dey is drawn into the world of pulp stardom: "Do you know I find myself pouring over the things too? Fatherhood makes a man out of a person."

"In my contract with Scribner's," Susan explains, "there's a clause about the fan magazines. I don't have to pay any attention to them. I certainly don't write the stories that are under my name. I don't know who writes them. Someti-



Someone will interview me for a half hour or so and then will write an article and say it's about me. Sometimes they say I've gone out with guys I haven't even *met*. It gets so silly.

"The questions I'm most often asked are how to get dates with boys and how to be beautiful. Not only am I sick to death of those questions, but they are two I can't answer. How do you get dates with boys? I sure don't have any magic formulas. And I don't have many dates either. I

don't really have time for them."

One of Susan's co-stars on "The Partridge Family" is David Cassidy, son of television star Jack Cassidy, step-son of Shirley Jones (also part of the Partridges), and reigning coverboy of the teeny-bopper world. Susan not only knows and works with David, she also has arguments with him (perhaps inconceivable to the young fans "out there"). Susan comments succinctly: "People always try to link me and David romantically. Frankly, it gets boring."

When Susan joined the Partridges, she looked to those around her for guidance. "Shirley Jones is an actress. She has proven it. But she's also a wonderful person, and she's helped me enormously. When I first got out to Hollywood, I thought 'What can I possibly say to Shirley Jones?' But she was immediately friendly to me. She helped me with my lines and with a lot of things."

When Susan talks about her television role, the character "Laurie" and the real Miss Dey never get each other mixed up, for Laurie is kept carefully and constantly in the third person. "She's a high school kid, right?" Susan says in explaining a certain series scenario. "She's naive. What does she know? She's just a kid facing a bunch of new situations."

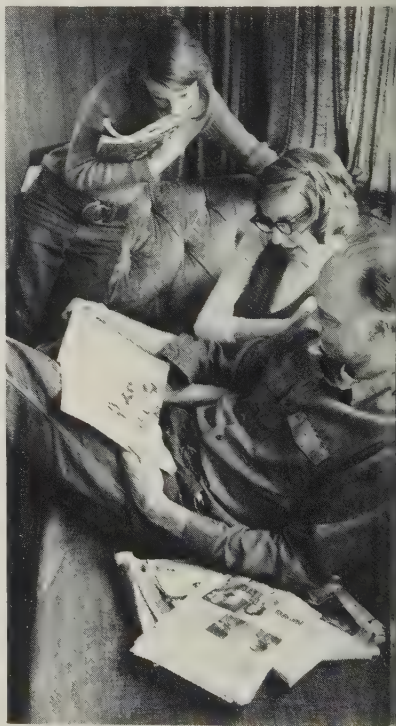
Has the glitter of fame and fortune had an effect on the real Miss Dey? "I do see myself as different from the typical 18-year-old. Of course I do. But on the other hand, I'm certainly different from the typical TV star. I'm not either of those people now.

"I'm somewhere in-between. A 22-year-old last year offered me a gingerbread cookie. Another time, a guy on the set offered me a joint. I didn't particularly want either.

"People ask me questions as if I am representative of youth today. 'What do you think of the war? Do you think young people are given enough say in politics today?' But I'm not going through the problems they are going through. My opinion

is just my opinion. It's nothing special. If you want an answer to a problem, ask someone who faces the problem.

"I guess sometimes I envy sister Leslie. She was a model actress she got out. Now she's happily married and is mostly a housewife. I guess I have a lot of habits of a suburban housewife. I love to cook. And I don't mind sewing and cleaning."



Mr. and Mrs. Dey check out the latest fan magazines.



*I guess sometimes I envy
 lie. She was a model and
 got out. Now she's
 happily married and is
 mostly a housewife. I love to
 k. And I don't mind
 ing and cleaning."*

Susan talks with her older sister, Leslie.



Susan's life leaves little time for such pursuits. Voted "the most promising television star" by "16 Magazine," Susan now makes considerably more money in a week than her newspaper-editing father makes in a month. While filming her television series nine hours a day, every day, Susan finished high school through a correspondence school. She has never had a real social life and doesn't date often now simply because she doesn't have time. On the days she is not filming or can't be home with her family, she leads the whirlwind life of a high fashion model. And all this takes its toll.

"Do I mind not having a real private life? I guess I do. Sometimes I wish I could go to a supermarket or go out and mail a letter without being recognized. But I have come face to

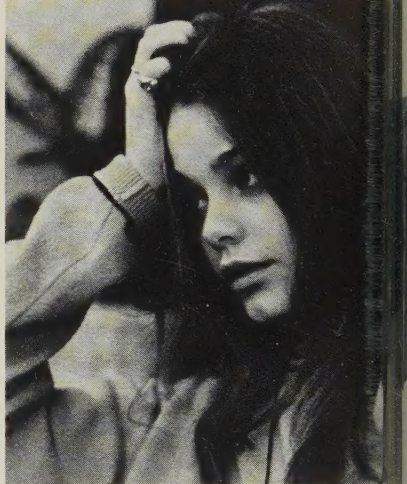
"Do I mind not having a real private life? I guess I do. But I have come face to face with what I have to give up if I'm going to achieve my goal. And I'm ready to give up most of my private life."

face with what I have to give up if I'm going to achieve my goal. And I'm ready to give up most of my private life."

Frequent public appearances are a part of making the scene as a star. "We were appearing in a parade last summer in Cleveland," Susan recalls with a certain emotional cautiousness. "All of us Partridges were there and I was riding in the back of a limousine with David. There were thousands of kids there and they were screaming at us and throwing gifts and the police were pushing them back.

"It seemed like it was getting a little out of hand and I was frightened. I guess I started to cry. David looked at me and he said, 'Oh, you know you love it.'

"And I didn't. I didn't! It seemed so wrong. Here all these kids were putting their energy into an idol. That energy could be used so much better on themselves. They could do something for themselves."



At home in Mount Kisco one recent weekend, Susan was munching on a carrot.

"Well, Susan's had her calories today," her father said, and he laughed nervously.

"She's five foot seven, and weighs 92 pounds. She eats a cucumber for supper and says that it fills her up. That worries me. She's a big television star. That's fine. But I guess sometimes I don't understand her at all."





















Susan wonders aloud, "I ask myself when I'm acting—am I doing this for the public or for myself?"

Her father quickly responds, "That's not a worry."

"But it is a worry, Daddy. I don't want to be just an ordinary actress out for myself. I want to be really good, and I want to add to people's lives. That's a goal. That's something I want to be progressing toward."

Susan and her father spend a few moments together at home.



CONTENTS			yes	no
2	NEW POWER IS YOURS IF YOU'LL USE IT BY HERMAN AHRENS JR.		<input type="checkbox"/> 	<input type="checkbox"/> 
12	THE WITTY-GRITTY OF THE YOUTH VOTE BY SELECTED CARTOONISTS		<input type="checkbox"/> 	<input type="checkbox"/> 
14	GETTING IT ALL TOGETHER BY J. BARRIE SHEPHERD		<input type="checkbox"/> 	<input type="checkbox"/> 
22	THE CLIMB BACK AT THE FOOTHILL CLINIC BY HUSTON HORN		<input type="checkbox"/> 	<input type="checkbox"/> 
30	A PRAYER IS LIKE LOVE BY ALLEN HAPPE		<input type="checkbox"/> 	<input type="checkbox"/> 
32	THE SIMPLEST WAY TO HELP OTHERS BY THE DOCTORS BRICKLIN		<input type="checkbox"/> 	<input type="checkbox"/> 
40	ISN'T GRADUATION A TIME FOR CELEBRATION? BY KATHY ROE		<input type="checkbox"/> 	<input type="checkbox"/> 
46	THE SPIRIT OF PLAY BY CHRIS QUEEN		<input type="checkbox"/> 	<input type="checkbox"/> 
52	TOUCH 'N GO BY OUR READERS		<input type="checkbox"/> 	<input type="checkbox"/> 
54	SUSAN DEY AND THE PARTRIDGE FAMILY BY BRIAN VACHON		<input type="checkbox"/> 	<input type="checkbox"/> 